Literary Notes.

The Valley Magazine.

We are delighted to know that the widely-read Mirror Pamphlets, which were begun "only with the idea that the little periodical would have a circulation fit though few," are to be merged into a new monthly publication, "The Valley Magazine."

The brilliant editor of the St. Louis Mirror, William Marion Reedy, will have things to do with the new publication; in fact, we suspect he will have most to do with it, but there are to be many other contributors, with critical articles, stories, poetry, and literary matter generally, but no politics.

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The Song I Dare Not Sing.

(By Melville Thursted, in Broadway Magazine.)

I have made a song that I dare not sing,
But croon below my breath;
The song I have made is a pretty thing—
Sweet as the lips of death.
In the dark of the night the lilt runs right—
Like gentle dreams the tune;
But naked the rhyme as the march of time
In the hot, white space of noon.

If the woman laughed, should I sing my song?
I stand at the door of pain;
And what should I care that she did me wrong
If her love but lived again?
If her arms were wide I would cast aside
The wrong she did to me:
And my song would go, like a beaten foe,
Scattered on every sea.

If the woman cried, should my song be heard?
Her tears are ghosts of gold;
Her glorious hair is a jeweled word
That has never yet been told.
Full hard was the toil, and dear is the spoil—
My song is like a flame;
But the song would break for her old love's sake
If now in tears she came.

I am all afraid of the song I made,
Hard as a tight-stretched cord;
And a bitter song—for a woman's wrong
Cuts like an angry sword.
My song of the night I never will sing;
Dear are the wind and sea;
And the roads are kind, till at last I find
She calls again for me.

* * * *

The Women in the Case.

It appears that Booth Tarkington owes his present enviable position in literature chiefly to his sister, Mrs. Tarkington Jameson. On the return from the East of a certain early manuscrip, Mrs. Jameson seized the package from her discouraged brother, took the train for New York, called upon the heedless publisher and his unappreciative reader and gave them vive voce renditions of some of the finest passages. As these passages were in actuality the improvisation of the clever Mrs. Jameson, it became possible and easy to tax the luckless reader (who naturally could not recall them) with negligence. According to the Chicago Post, this coup secured a second reading for the manuscript and brought about its acceptance and publication. What would the world be without Indiana?

* * * *

Dorothy Dix, author of "Fables of the Elite," is Mrs. Elizabeth Meriwether Gilmer, a Southerner who has won journalistic success in New York. Mrs. Gilmer comes of a long line of Virginia ancestors, and her family is proud of the story of the day when Meriwether was a close friend of Jefferson and a man of influence in the young State. Mrs. Gilmer, it is said, has a delicious Southern accent, a quick laugh and a manner both quaint and cordial.

Bliss Carman's Ode.

Bliss Carman has written a coronation ore in thirty-eight stanzas. L. C. Page & Co. publish it in pretty form. Here are two selections:

III.

They will take him up to Westminster and set
him in his place;
And Church and Lords and Commons will stand
before his face,
And hear him make reply,
In the name of God most high,
To be Their Faith's Defender, as it was in days
gone by,
With the thousand years behind him and the
glory of his race.

XIX.

Oh, East they go and West they go, and never
can they bide,
For the longing that is in them and the whisper
at their side;
They may stablish hearth and home,
But the sons will forth and roam,
As their fathers did before them, across the hollow
foam,
Till strangs lands lift to greet them at the edges
of the tide.

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"In the Footprints of the Padres."

Charles Warren Stoddard, professor of English literature in the Catholic University of America, has put into book form his California life, and to those who love the present California, and particularly San Francisco,the book is full of rare interest. Robertson, San Francisco, is the publisher.

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Following are a few extracts:

Speaking of his initiation into the mysteries of the "wide-open" town he says:

"No one tried to prevent our entering. We merely followed the others; and, indeed, it was all a mystery to us. Cards were being dealt at the faro tables, and dealt by beautiful women in bewildering attire. They also turned the wheels of fortune or misfortune, and threw dice, and were skilled in all the arts that beguile and betray the innocent. There was no limit to the gambling in those days. There was no question of age or color or sex; opportunity lay in wait for inclination at the street corners and in the highways and byways. The wonder is that there were not more victims driven to madness or suicide."

* * * *

Later the actor-journalist lived in a crumbling castle on old Rincon Hill. One day a "lean, lithe stranger came to see him, and Stoddard says:

"He liked the crumbling estate, and even as much of it as had gone into the depths forever. He liked the sagging and sighing cypresses with their roots in the air, that hung upon and clung upon the rugged edge of the remainder. He liked the shaky stairway that led to it (when it was not out of gear), and all that was irrelative and irreleva nt, and what might have been irritating to another was to him singularly appealing and engaging, for he was a poet and a romancer, and his name was Robert Louis Stevenson.

"He used to come to that eyrie on Rincon Hill to chat and dream; he called it 'the most San Francsicoey part of San Francisco,' and so it was. It was the beginning and the end of the first period of social development on the Pacific coast. There is a picture of it, or of the south part of it in Gertrude Atherton's story, 'The Californians.' The little glimpse that Louis Stevenson had of it in its decay gave him a few realistic pages for 'The Wrecker.'"

"Graustark"

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